

WASHINGTON.

"Our Country—always right—but, right or wrong, our Country."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1838.

OFFICE ON E STREET, IN THE SQUARE IMMEDIATELY WEST OF THE BURNT POST OFFICE.

EDITED BY

H. J. BRENT & DR. T. D. JONES.

TO NATIVE AMERICANS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY:

Fellow-Citizens: I am directed, by the President and Council of the Native American Association of the United States at Washington City, to invite you to form in the different counties and cities of the several States, auxiliary Native Associations to be united with us in this cause.

I am also instructed to call your attention to the necessity of authorizing a committee of such of those societies as may be formed, to prepare, in your name, memorials to Congress; to be presented at the early part of the ensuing session, praying for a repeal of the laws of naturalization.

Your fellow-countryman,

HENRY J. BRENT,

Corresponding Sec'y. of the Native Am. Association of the U. S., Wash. City.

Dr. THOS. D. JONES, co-editor of this paper, has gone to the North, for the purpose of obtaining subscribers. He acts under the full authority of the Association; and to Native Americans of the cities he will visit, we recommend him. He will be absent for several months, and we count largely on his success.

We attempted in our last to explain the moving causes that have convinced the patriotic Native Americans of this District, of the dangers that threaten their Government, and that have induced them to seek a remedy in concerted action. We then endeavored, by taking a general survey of the natural feelings of the foreign party, to establish our position, and we have been led to believe that our object was attained.

It is in nature for all men to love the land of their nativity, and it is that very principle which urges us onward in our course. That affection which we feel, we know must be experienced by all descriptions of aliens. The enlightened foreigner, even after naturalization, reverts the ancient monuments that record his country's history, and prides himself upon her triumphal arches, her broad aqueducts, and all her edifices, and smiles complacently upon the ancient annals of her glory. The common and illiterate foreigner turns to the sports of his country, her games, her fairs, her public institutions, and cherishes the quarrels of the various sects and parties that divide the political and religious opinions at home. These feelings are so natural that it is useless to argue upon them, and we would not, but that it is necessary to lay the foundations of our cause as we proceed, for it is a new cause and one that will yet win to itself the pen of the historian.

It will now be our duty briefly to run over some other general grounds in connection with our cause.

We have lately witnessed the fact that five thousand aliens voted in the State of Illinois. In Michigan the same law is in force that countenanced these foreigners in Illinois, a law unpatriotic, unnatural, monstrous and unjust. Suppose, for one moment, that a similar law existed in the State of Maine, what would be the inevitable result? The Governor of Canada, could easily throw as many voters as necessary into the State, and settle the Northeast Boundary question in a day, and Maine would be robbed of her just rights, and native Americans living on that disputed territory, transferred, like sheep in the shambles, to the Crown of Great Britain! Unless the Northeast Boundary question is settled soon, such may be the result. More than six millions of foreigners have been poured in upon us within the last few years, and within the same number of years as many more will be flooded over the land. This increase of voters every five years is greater than the domestic production; and important revolutions in the constitution of Maine may be effected by a few thousands of this gigantic tribute. It is not exaggeration to fear such a result. The affairs of the Canadas have assumed a fearful import of late, and wars seem to be gathering around the horizon of the province. The great armament sent over lately, the celebrated statesman Lord Durham, being in the princely throne of the Governor's house, all lead us to believe that there is a powerful feeling in the British Ministry upon the Canadian subject. The land claimed by the State of Maine, of the British Crown, is all necessary to that Government for the speedy transportation of her troops; for if that region be given up to us, the British Government can never march her battalions through its confines. This deprivation would retard the progress of her arms, by sending them an immense circuit, and her principal posts lying upon the upper shores of the lakes, might be sacked and burnt, while the regiments of British soldiery were defiling through the interminable forests of Maine.

All this may be chimerical, but it is a chimera based upon solid probability. The principle is the same in the absence of the facts, and the machinations may be enlisted even though they fail. There is danger in the chance; and it may be, that a Divine Providence, which has been evident in a peculiar manner in the affairs of this country, will interfere between the dark plots of men, and the permanent liberty of this country.

In Michigan the law of six months residence is in existence; and England, in order to carry some point essential to her colonial policy, ramified and mysterious as it has always been, may throw her thousand hirelings into the State, and accomplish her purpose, at the expense of American right.

These laws granting the privilege of voting to the six-monthed alien, are but branches of that great tree of partisan policy which, we fear, is over-

shadowing all of our holy doctrines. The same disposition to win over the floating population of Europe, to the petty elections of Michigan and Illinois, will hereafter spread itself to the hearts of all the States; and when that day comes, and come it must, as the inevitable result of a settled policy, as sure as effect will follow cause, our national character will be no more, and the boast of being an American citizen will be as valueless as that of being a Roman was, when the corrupt servants of the Empire sold place to aliens and distributed the keys of justice to foreigners of every clime. We will renew the subject hereafter.

At the meeting of the Association on Tuesday night, business of importance was transacted. The Committees appointed to make collections for the paper, are requested to make early reports to the Treasurer, instead of waiting for the next meeting of the Association.

The President, after a pleasant trip to the various delightful Springs of Virginia, has returned to Washington; and we are glad to understand, in improved health.

The New York Star with other papers, are making a great disturbance about Mr. John Van Buren and the Queen of England. Should the Queen get him for a husband, we will warrant that she will get a very genteel looking young man, of six feet in height, and of good talents. Young Van Buren is beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, and particularly of the American press; and we do think it rather hard that a young gentleman of fashion and leisure cannot take his sport in any part of the world, without having the finger of a party press pointed at him. Mr. John Van Buren must laugh at the roar of the big artillery that is shooting at him. If Mr. Van Buren is not target enough for all the Editors, without bringing in his sons, we are very much mistaken. Without knowing or caring one farthing for Mr. John Van Buren, save as a gentleman and an American, or of his father, save as the President of our native land, we have said thus much in the matter. It was not our duty, but it was our taste.

The unusual number of fires that have occurred in this city within the last few days, is alarming and exciting. The evidence is conclusive that they are the work of incendiaries. The fire of last Sunday destroyed several houses, none of them very large; but had the office of the National Intelligencer been burnt, and great fears were entertained of its safety, the whole country would have felt the loss; for that office does work for the whole Union. We rejoice that both the office of the National Intelligencer, and that of our friend, the editor of the invaluable Register, Mr. Niles, escaped the devouring element; the latter establishment having been in great danger some ten or twelve days ago.

SOMETHING OF EDITORIAL FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Great meeting of the foreigners at — Tavern, sign of the Beefsteak and Crab, Washington City, — street.

SCENE.—The back room adjoining the Bar—twelve o'clock at night—a solitary candle burning in a tin shade, and hanging against the door—a likeness of Whitaker, suspended over the chimney, and an old musket, slung on two spikes, laying horizontally over the door-way. A table in the middle of the room covered with half a dozen decanters of whiskey and a brown and blue pitcher with some dirty water—several tumbler glasses scattered about—fourteen or fifteen shabby looking loafers sitting around or in detached parties. We shall attempt the scene and the dialogues and songs.

The President commences—
"Conticure omnes."—"Arrah, my lads, pass around the old cruiskin—the genuine dew of auld Ireland—pass it quick, and I'll propose ye a simintment. Ah, there ye're Michael Dunagan, set asy, will ye, and do'n't be twitching and screwing over that vagabond paper, the Native!"

"Hould your glab, Mr. President, and do'n't be after disturbing my thoets. I was a reading the abuse haped upon the honorable Irish emigrants shipped over by the boat load to this infernal country."

"Yash dat pepper dosh abuse de Irish, because de Irish gets trunk and votes at de elections. I tink these Nativshs ought to tank de Irish and ve 'Tutch, for koming over de vaters for to deach dem to have de coot manners. By gosh, de Irish do drink to suit me exactly, and de ought to vote."

"Who are we that we should be so traduced and slandered," bawled forth a red faced, big, burly Englishman, "who are we, I would like to know? Ar'n't we patriots? Ar'n't we masters here, and masters of the Government, and ar'n't the offices ours by favor? To be sure, they are. What matters it how we were educated—how we were born, or where we were born—what is it to the natives. We come from Europe, where every thing is managed by rule, and we'll establish the same system here. It is our land, our fathers under George the Third, knew it; and did'n't they try to obtain it. For seven years, against that infernal Washington, did they keep hold of their claim, like an honest suitor in a Court of Chancery.—This land is ours—our fathers' blood spilt by these natives, is red throughout all its fields. We have the right by the right of revenge, and I am for striking the first blow at the lives of the editors of this bold and insolent Native American,—who'll second the motion?"

"I," said a white faced Irishman, with long black locks, and white and linen colored cheeks, with a ferocious eye, furious from drink and hate. "I, by the groans of my fathers and brothers, and by my old mother that was hung in Ireland for murdering 'my young sister.' I will do that deed for ye. I'll have the hearts blood of the infernal disturbers of the Irish power in America. Here I stand weak and crushed, but I'll be a Brutus, if

they will act the Caesar. What right have they now to dare alter the law of naturalization? That law was fixed by Congress, and Congress has not the power to alter or amend that law. Do'n't mind the argument that will be brought against us that Congress altered the law from its original form, and can do so a second time. Do'n't listen to the worthless constitution, that was concocted in the deepest feelings of hatred by the fathers of these natives, against the troops of Rawdon, and the Hessians, fathers of our German Brethren. Do'n't mind any thing—we are alone here now, and no one hears us to report. This country must be ours. It is already half-way in our hands—in N. Orleans, yon dastard boy, (pointing to the portrait of Whitaker,) was 'done to death' in spite of truth and justice, and the Irish revelled in the first bloody draught of power. Oh, but it will be sweet when we have divided this great realm among our bands. We who have been driven out of our own loved land by tyranny, will rule it here. Hurrah for the Irish in America!" Here the orator ceased, and sunk back exhausted, his teeth fixed, his eyes red with excitement, and his fists clinched and bloodless.

"Ah, and wont we move ould Ireland over here, and put the capital on her; and wont the prates sprout beautiful!" exclaimed a bacchanal from under the table, whose mouth was soon shut up by a few drops falling into it through the crevices of the board, from the overturned bottle. "Hurrah for the orator," shouted a red-haired Hibernian, while he aimed a tumbler at the picture of Whitaker.

"Down with the association of aristocrats—down with Morfit, the traitor, and Brent, the agitator, and Jones, the bully, and Sweeney the libeller—down with Wharton, the injustice, and Moulder, and Polk—down with Boteler, the strong, and Dunn, the publisher—down with the demons of hatred, all, all, and let them sink deep in their own blood."

Loud and long shouted they this tragic strain; and long and deep they drank from the decanters, when one of the party, a Dutchman from the capitol, declared, "that he had a right to vote because he owned a house, and his wife owned a lot," asked a little black nosed Frenchman to sing the national song of the American foreigners. The black nosed Frenchman accordingly took snuff, and a drink of vinegar wine, and fixing his eyebrows in half moon shape, lolled out his tongue, and sang as follows—

FRENCHMAN'S SONG.

Ve come from de poor-house or jail,—Yat den? Ve is good for de nation, vere black people live. Ve vas good for de gallows—but now ve is men. Dat can rob or do murder, so dat we may thrive.

Chorus by all

Hurrah for the poor-house, it sends forth the men Who can blunt with their daggers the point of a pen. Hurrah for the prison, it sends forth a flood, That can break down a press, and drown it in blood.

Ven den King on parade, prances up de high street, Vid thousands in arms to protect him from me. I can take de nice aim from de window, and meet, The fate of an exile, but not Fieschi."

Hurrah for de poor-house. &c.

Ven de hay is in ricks, and de good man secure, Sleeps vid his young children, de dark night away, Vid de torches all lit, ye steal by his door And kill de old farmer and burn up de hay. Hurrah, &c., &c.

Vy runs de big streams of old Ireland red? Is de clay of dat color, or de water blush so? But look! 'tis de blood of de unbured dead! That down vid de current all massaged got. Hurrah, &c.

O dis is de land where such crimes is forgive, And de sins in five years is all wipe away, And dough born to be slaves, yet as masters ve live, Dough ve murder at home in de noon-time of day. Hurrah, &c.

When the Frenchman came to that part, a tall, gaunt, and grim-looking foreigner, pulled some lucifer matches out of his pocket and left the room. In a few moments after, the deep tolling of the fire bell, was heard, and the engines hurried down the streets like thunder. But the meeting did not move a muscle—it was used to such things. The song was applauded, and once more they betook themselves to the bottle. Here a gentleman of distinction in the European ranks was called on for a song, and amid raptures of applause, he sung as follows—

Hurrah for the land of the alien—

Hurrah for five years of the free—

Hurrah for the kind hearted natives,

That let us set under their tree.

Let's drink to the shade of our sires,

The red coats of Bunker and Thames,

Let's drink to the patriot fires,

That at home gleam so bright with their flames.

On the top of old Bunker awhile,

They played with the Yankee,—but yet,

As they died, with a triumphant smile,

They cried Revenge us, and never forget.

We are masters where they could not be,

Without battle or bloodshed we are,—

We are lords of the great freedom tree,

And we take what is not our share.

Hurrah for the fawn and the cringe,

Better weapons than falchion or gun,

And the knee that supple its hinge,

Are the means with which victory's won.

Hurrah for the neat ballot box,

Hurrah for the partizan bribe,

They bat for the fool—but the fox,

Not the lion, is the king of the tribe.

The door-way of office ajar,

We cringe, and lol open wide;

We flatter and beg, show a scar,

That was won in a riot's full tide.

'Tis enough—we are aliens,—enough,

'Tis the passport to fortune and fame,

The foreign after all is the stuff

To make up a patriot—in name.

* Fieschi guillotined for attempting the life of Louis Philippe.

When the streaks of day were gathering over the hills, they separated, and a Native boy followed one of the heroes up the pavement, and when he found him alone, he slapped his finger and thumb together, as if he cocked a pistol, and the blood platter turned pale, and his teeth chattered, and he shrieked and fled.

The next meeting is to be held in October when peaches are ripe, and fires are more abundant.

Fires.—The incendiaries have been at work in this city for the last few days, and our police are on the alert to apprehend the villains. Mr. Thomas Baker's hotel, with several houses in the vicinity, were the first to be consumed, and then came Mr. Edmondson's—and Mr. Handy's house was attempted.

A black boy, we understand, has been apprehended, and confessed that he was bribed to set fire to Mr. Joseph Smith's establishment, which was in imminent danger, being fired inside.

U. STATES CRIMINAL COURT.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14.

The romantic incidents in connection with Henderson, the Treasury note forger, are pretty generally known to our readers. How he broke jail in the depth of night, and how that a distinguished Lawyer of the Bar in this city, had been accused with assisting in the escape; and how he had been arrested in Cincinnati, by a former associate in vice; and—it is needless for us to recapitulate them. On this day the prisoner was arraigned upon one count of his indictment, and a demurrer entered by his council to the balance. Henderson is a young man, apparently, of about twenty-six years of age, with a keen, intelligent countenance and long black hair. He is dressed in the top of the fashion, and after his arraignment was admitted into the bar of the court, for the purpose of writing out a general history of his escape.

Crowds gaped and gazed at Mr. Henderson, as if crime was a new thing in the world, and men had never known what it was to forge.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12, 1838.

The Court met this morning, agreeably to adjournment. The District Attorney appeared in his seat. Several assault-cases were tried, but none of them very interesting.

Mary Scott, alias Mary Armstrong, (a female who had been previously convicted of larceny, and pardoned by the President of the United States), was indicted for stealing one chintz frock and one calico wrapper, the property of Dr. Bohrer, of Georgetown.

The same prisoner was also indicted for stealing one silver watch, one straw bonnet, one silk shawl, and sundry other articles of wearing apparel, the property of George Brown, of Georgetown. These two offences were committed by the prisoner on the 25th May, 1838. The jury found the prisoner guilty on both indictments.

James Alexander was also indicted for stealing on the 14th August, 1838, one twenty dollar note of the Bank of the Metropolis, and two promissory notes of the value of fifty cents each, the property of George Oyster, of Georgetown. The jury found the prisoner guilty.—Potomac Adv.

The Loco Focos point to 4000 alien labourers on the Croton water works, and ask "is there a doubt of our carrying Westchester?" They intend to swear in their votes in Westchester the first day—in Putnam the second, and in New York city the third day. We shall be wide awake in looking out for these illegal votes. The Inspectors are determined to have the very best proofs of the rights which every man has to vote at the election.—N. Y. Star.

ALARMING FACT.—The Springfield d(Illinois) Journal of Aug. 26, says:

A publication from the office of the Chicago, Democrat, before the election, stated that Douglass would receive the votes of 2000 canal hands. These votes were given to him. In other parts of this Congressional District the lowest estimate of aliens at work upon the railroads is more than 2500. All these voted for Douglass. Thus will it appear, that had the voice of the citizens of this District been heard at the election, Stuart's majority would have been nearly 3,500 votes!

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.—Total defeat of the Dutch troops.—Files from Grahamstown to June 6th represent that on the 6th April, a force of 200 mounted men set out to obtain revenge of the Zoolu Chief Dingaan, for the atrocities he had committed in the murder of the Dutch settlers. The army of the Chief was drawn up in three divisions, and the Dutch troops completely routed in regular field fight, leaving their commander and twenty others dead. On the same day, a reinforcement of 800 Dutch from Port Natal came up, and were furiously attacked by Dingaan's whole force of 12,000 flushed with victory, and totally cut to pieces, only 239 escaping alive. Loss of the Zoolu supposed to be 1000. The savages afterwards ravaged Port Natal. The American Missionaries had previously departed.—New York Star.

DIED,

Yesterday morning, ANN PURDY, daughter of Mr JOHN PURDY, aged 17 months; her funeral will take place this afternoon Saturday at 3 o'clock. The friends of the family are invited to attend.

AN EVENING SCHOOL.—English Grammar, Arithmetic, and Penmanship being taught, was opened on the 13th instant, by a Student of Columbia College, at Mr. Fill's City Academy, second story, two doors south of the city Postoffice.

The patronage of apprentices and young men generally is respectfully solicited. Sept. 15—16.

SIX CENTS REWARD.—Runaway from the subscriber, on the 22d of August, 1838, an indentured apprentice, named Catherine Anne McCormick, about 13 years of age; the above reward will be paid to any person who will bring her home; and I do forwarn all persons from employing or harboring the said apprentice, as I am determined to put the law in force against all such. Sept. 8—31.



STEAMBOAT LINE between Alexandria and 14th street Bridge on the Washington Canal.—The steamboat JOSEPH JOHNSON will, until further notice, run as follows: Leave Alexandria at half-past eight o'clock A. M., at 12 M., and half-past three P. M. for 14th street Bridge. Returning, will leave the Bridge for Alexandria at 10 o'clock A. M., 1 P. M., and 5 P. M., landing at Bradley's wharf every day. Fare twelve and a half cents. JOS. JOHNSON, Master.

MAY & JONES, Attorneys at Law, Washington City offer their professional services to the Public, in the Courts of the District of Columbia and the neighboring counties in Virginia and Maryland. They will attend to the prosecution of claims before Congress, the Departments, the General Land Office, &c. &c. Their office is on the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Third street, in the same building with Gen. Walter Jones, to whom they respectfully make reference.

HENRY MAY, CHAS. L. JONES.

August 11—2am6m.

NEW AND SEASONABLE DRY GOODS.—We have just received from the North, and offer for sale at our store opposite Centre Market, between 7th and 8th Streets, a very extensive assortment of fashionable and well-selected Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, consisting in part of the following goods, viz:

20 pieces Black Mattoni Lustre
30 do. Black and Blue-black R-pt Silks
100 do. Light Colored do. do.
60 do. Rich Figured Light do. do.
15 do. Black and Blue-black Bombasins
70 do. Rich Figured Shalleys, splendid
Rich Mouseline de Laine, in dress patterns
3 cases Dark Fall Print, rich patterns
5 bales Flannels, assorted qualities
3 pieces Super Welsh Flannels
1 case Linen Cambrics
1 do. Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs
30 dozen French Kid Gloves, light and dark
Black and Blue-black Pl-in and Ribbed Silk Hosi.
White English Silk Hose
20 pieces Rich Beltings
40 Rich Plaid Shawls
30 do. Cashmere Shawls
15 dark Thibet do. embroidered
75 Figured Thibet do.
Ladies' Fancy Silk Cravats
3 cases French Merinos
1 do. English do.
2 do. Canton Flannels, bleached and brown
15 pieces Plaid Swiss Book Muslins
1 case Fine Cambric Dimity
40 pieces Curtain Muslins
60 do. White Cambrics
200 dozen Spool Cottons, coarse numbers
100 pieces Narrow Thread Edging
50 do. Wide do. Lace
Black Lace Veils, a good assortment
200 Corded Skirts
10 pieces 12-4 Linen Sheetting
15 do. 10-4 do. do.
10 do. 6-4 do. do.
4 cases Long Cloths
30 pieces Casimere
Which, with a great variety of goods, make our assortment as good as any in the District.

BRADLEY & CATLETT.

Sept. 8—31.

RICH CARPETING AND CURTAIN GOODS.—

We are opening to-day
15 pieces rich two-ply Carpeting
10 do. fine do.
Rugs to match
1 case Damask Moreens
1 do. Watered do.
1 do. Turkey red Cashmerets
Binding and Fringes
Worsted Tassels and Ornaments.
Sept. 8. BRADLEY & CATLETT.

SATTIN VESTINGS, CLOTH PADINGS, &c. For Merchant Tailor's use. We have to day opened 10 pieces six-quarter Super Scarlet Padings, 6 do. English Satin Vestings, 50 do. Fig. Silk Vestings, 60 do. Cotton Sallies.

BRADLEY & CATLETT.

Aug. 18.

FORD'S ELEGANT AND FASHIONABLE BOOTS AND SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.—The subscriber has removed to the store two doors east of the one lately occupied by himself, (and nearly opposite Brown's Hotel) which he has fitted up in a style not equalled by any establishment of the kind in the District, where he is prepared, with a very select stock of Boots and Shoes of every description, to attend to his customers in the best possible manner, as he uses none but the very best materials, has a set of journeymen not surpassed by any in the United States; and to attend which he has employed Mr. James Parsons, who is so favorably known to the citizens of the District as not to require a single remark here. But as he has succeeded so perfectly in fitting these of my customers whom he has attended to, I can but remark, in justice to his merit, that he has become, from experience and the most assiduous attention to business, perfectly habituated to the most elegant style of cutting and fitting; so much so, that he rarely ever fails in giving a perfect fit.

All kinds of work got up in the most elegant manner, and orders attended to with the utmost despatch. Sept. 1—14. JOS. B. FORD.

GEORGE SWEENEY.

NOTARY PUBLIC, Conveyancer and General Agent, has removed to the Office of the Firemen's Insurance Company, Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite Brown's Hotel. July 28.

GREAT BARGAINS.—Owing to the advanced season, we will dispose of our stock of seasonable Goods at unprecedented low prices, and we respectfully invite our customers and the Public generally to give us a call. Good quality 4-4 French Calicoes 18-3-4 cents per yard. Neat one colored Domestic Prints 12-2 cents per yard. Painted Muslins, handsome style, 25 cents per yard. Drillings and Linens at prices a great deal lower than usual together with a great variety of Goods which we are determined to dispose of at such prices as will suit every one.

BRADLEY & CATLETT.

F. HOWARD'S IMPROVED CHEMICAL CHLORIDE OF SOAP, deservedly celebrated for rendering the skin smooth and soft, removing chaps, pimples and blemishes, for the preservation of the teeth and gums, and the cure of offensive breath, for cleansing and healing sores and wounds, for preventing and curing cutaneous diseases, particularly in infants, for bleaching muslins and handkerchiefs, and for the removal of grease, paint, tar, &c. from clothing.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, at my Pharmacy, near Seven Buildings; also for sale at many of the Drug and Fancy stores in Washington, Baltimore, and throughout the United States. August 11. FLODOARDO HOWARD.

PROPOSALS for publishing by subscription, a volume of POEMS, by RUFUS DAWES: comprising—
GERALDINE—A Romance of Real Life.
ST. JOHN'S EVE—A Fairy Tale.
LANCASTER—A National Poem.
OCCASIONAL POEMS—Comprising Songs and Odes.
FUGITIVE PIECES.

The Volume will be put to press as soon as 500 are subscribed for. It will be printed from new type, on superior paper, and delivered to subscribers in—
Fine Cloth, ONE DOLLAR a copy.
Extra Binding, with gilt edges, TWO DOLLARS a copy.
SAMUEL COLMAN, Publisher, 141 Nassau Street.

Subscriptions received by the Editor of this Paper.

GARLEGANT'S BALM OF HEALTH.

PREPARED ONLY BY JOHN S. MILLER, Frederick City, Maryland.

THIS valuable medicine has only been introduced to the public about five years, in various parts of the country, and hundreds of persons have used it, and found its beneficial effects, and seven out of ten cases have been permanently cured of the Dyspepsia, Cholera, Nervous Tremors, Lowness of Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, and all those train of diseases resulting from a disordered condition of the stomach and liver, or derangement of the digestive functions, such as general debility or weakness, flatulency, loss of appetite, sour eructations and acidities of the stomach, costiveness, head ache, jaundice, flatulent and bilious cholera, &c.